Har. Yea marry sir, I meane ye shall eat more then your owne word, for Ile make you eate all the words in the processe. Why you drab-monger, cannot the secrets of all the wenches in a shire serue your turne, but you must come hither with a citation with a pox? Ile cite you.
A cup of Sacke for the Sumner.

But. Here sir here.

Har. Here slaue I drinke to thee.

Sum. I thanke you sir.

Har. Now if thou findst thy stomack well, because thou shalt see my Lord keeps meat in's house, if thou wilt go in, thou shalt haue a peece of beefe to thy break-fast.

Sum. No I am very well good M. Seruingman, I thanke you, very well sir.

Har. I am glad on't, then be walking towards Rochester to keepe your stomacke warme. And Sumner, if I do know you disturbe a good wench within this Diocesse, if I do not make thee eate her petticoate, if there were foure yardes of Kentish cloth in't, I am a villaine.

Sum. God be w'ye M. seruingman. *Exit*

Har. Farwell Sumner. *Enter Constable.*

Con. Saue you M. *Harpoole.*

Harp. Welcome Constable, welcome Constable, what newes with thee?

Con. And't please you M. *Harpoole*, I am to make hue and cry for a fellow with one eie, that has robd two Clothiers, & am to craue your hindrance to serch all suspected places; and they say there was a woman in the company.

Har. Hast thou bene at the Ale-house? hast thou sought there?

Con. I durst not search sir in my Lord Cobhams liberty, except I had some of his seruants for my warrant.

Har. An honest Constable, call forth him that keeps the Alehouse there.

Con. Ho, whose within there?

Ale-man. Who cals there? Oh ist you M. Constable and M.

M. *Harpoole*? y'are welcome with a
you heere so early this morning?

Har. Sirra, what strangers do y
bery done this morning, & we are
persons.

Aleman. Gods bores, I am sory
body but a good honest merry Pr
tham, and a handsome woman th
saies has some suite in law for, and
to London, sometimes they lye at

Har. What, is she heere in thy

Con. She is sir: I promise you
cause he will not trouble too mar
woman lye euery night at his bed

Har. Bring her forth Constabl
her, let's see her.

Con. Dorothy, you must come

Dol. Anon forsooth.

Har. Welcome sweet Lasse, w

Dol. I thanke you good sir, an

Har. A plumpe Girle by the M
Dol ha, Wilt thou forsake the I
Doll.

Con. A well saide M. *Harpoole*
yfaith; you will neuer be olde nc
wench indeed.

Har. Ye olde mad merry Con
that? Ha, well said Dol, fill som

Dol aside. Oh if I wist this old
me, by Ioue I would ingle this o

Har. Oh you old mad colt, if
pots in the house there.

Con. Oh wel said M. *Harpoole*,
all's done.

Harp. Ha Dol, thou hast a sw
Masse.

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